

The ARCHIVE ANTHOLOGY

HARRISS

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T·H·E
ARCHIVE ANTHOLOGY

VERSE BY LITTLE-KNOWN
AND WELL-KNOWN WRITERS

EDITED BY
R. P. HARRISS

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY BY
PROFESSOR JAY B. HUBBELL



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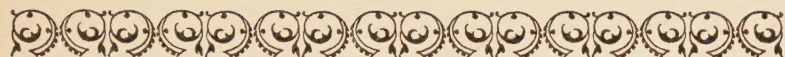
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To
Isaac Erwin Avery



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Foreword



FOR THE majority of poets in this volume the inclusion of their work in an anthology is no novelty. Nearly half of them have already published one or more volumes of verse, and several are too widely known to need any introduction at all. Some of them have but recently brought out first volumes, although having been accustomed to appear annually in the various anthologies. And a few of the contributors are making their initial appearance between boards.

The present policy of *The Archive* had its beginning at the opening of the academic year of 1925-6, when contributions from writers outside the campus community were first used. As to the success of the venture, small comment will be made here other than that it has been entertaining enough to justify the effort. Financial difficulties assumed, for the student publishers, gargantuan proportions. To borrow a journalist friend's phrase, the ghost's peregrination was always problematic. It was more than that—but Stevenson has already told you of the joys and miseries of editing a college magazine.

If, as a certain kindly, though thunderous, Baltimore gentleman has said, "*The Archive* has struck out bravely and effectively," one may feel glad that a magazine pub-

lished, edited, and wet-nursed by undergraduates has lifted its head above the ruck. And we will always treasure the remark of another editor,—“to find a Southern college literary magazine trafficking in ideas and actually keeping up a serious flirtation with intellectual independence is like coming upon a dust-covered bottle of pre-war Clos Vougeot in a Prohibitionist’s ice-box.” It is hoped, too, that this collection of *Archive* verse will be received in the same spirit which prompted Jack McClure—brother of Bob Herrick and T. Campion—to write

I am a poetaster
And my knee I bend
To Marlowe, my master,
Villon, my friend.

I am a swashbuckler
And I break my sword
Before Blake, my tutor,
Shakespeare, my lord.

And I would burn my songbooks
This very day
If singing didn’t matter
So little, anyway.

As the book goes to press, the editor wishes to thank his friends in the Duke faculty and elsewhere for advice and for aid in seeing it through the press. And, having taken you into his confidence, he now offers you the poetry in the volume, for what it may be worth.

R. P. H.

THE TERRACES,
November, 1926.



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Literature and the Colleges



WHEN Witter Bynner spoke in Dallas five years ago, he told a story of his college days which illustrates the old attitude of the college toward its ambitious young writers. Mr. Bynner was taking an introductory course in English under a young doctor of philosophy, who one day discovered that some of his students were attempting to write poetry. The instructor felt called upon to correct this erring tendency, and he spoke to his class in something like this fashion — “You fellows have your ‘nerve’ to attempt to write poetry in this age. Why, the Harvard Library and the British Museum are filled with poetry, much of it still unread, that is infinitely better than anything you can ever hope to write. The world doesn’t need any more poetry until it has read and assimilated all the great poetry which it has inherited from the past. Read the classics, and don’t waste your time in writing mediocre verse!”

Greatly perturbed, Mr. Bynner went to his room; but his faith returned and he wrote a poem in protest. The poetry of the past never quite satisfies; in spite of Homer, Dante, and Milton, each generation must attempt to express in verse its own joys, sorrows, and aspirations. Years later, just before addressing an audience at one of the largest of our Western state universities, Mr. Bynner,

then president of the Poetry Society of America, had the pleasure of receiving a very flattering introduction from his former instructor, who is now one of the best known teachers of English in a famous Eastern university.

Fifteen or twenty years ago college students found little or no encouragement to write anything but weekly themes. That is no longer true of our better schools. Among the forces that have brought about this change are Mr. Bynner's poetry prize for undergraduates and Dr. Schnittkind's series of anthologies of student verse, *The Poets of the Future*. The lectures and readings of Robert Frost, DuBose Heyward, Carl Sandburg, Amy Lowell, and Vachel Lindsay have helped to awaken college students to an interest in poetry. Certain teachers have shown rare ability to interest their ablest students in verse writing. Conspicuous among these are Professors Ada L. F. Snell, of Mount Holyoke College, Robert M. Lovett, of the University of Chicago, John Crowe Ransom and Donald Davidson, of Vanderbilt University, and Newman I. White, of Duke University. Among the younger poets who have written verse of distinction while still undergraduates are Edna St. Vincent Millay at Vassar, Stephen Vincent Benet at Yale, George H. Dillon at the University of Chicago, Roberta Teale Swartz at Mount Holyoke, Ottys E. Sanders at Southern Methodist University, and R. P. Harriss at Duke University.

I have often wondered what it was about Cambridge and Oxford—so often denounced in memorable words by famous alumni—that caused poets to flourish there.

Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley must have found something there which few American colleges have been able to give. Harvard in the ante-bellum days, when it was little more than a junior college, must have had an unusual atmosphere. Speaking of his college days, Phillips Brooks once remarked laconically, "In my days Harvard men had poets; now they haven't." Edward Everett Hale tells that in those days undergraduates were passionately interested, not in athletics or sociology, but in poetry.

In their desire to encourage youthful writers, many colleges have launched ambitious courses in verse-writing. Such courses may be very useful when taught by a sympathetic teacher who has himself written verse. But too often courses in poetics have as pernicious an effect as college courses in short-story writing, which are frequently as bad as the similar courses offered by correspondence schools. Literature cannot be written according to formula. William McFee recently suggested that the best stories of recent times come from writers like Sherwood Anderson and Katherine Mansfield, who break all the rules in the handbooks.

One thing, however, all colleges should try to do: create an atmosphere in which the student's interest in literature is so keen that he will hesitate to go to a football game if it means he will miss a meeting of Sigma Upsilon or the poetry club. In the last analysis, the student who learns to write must teach himself and his fellows, but the college at least owes it to the student to give him its best in the way of encouragement and sympathy.

It is more than a coincidence that the two most promising universities in the South—the University of North Carolina and Duke University—are both situated in North Carolina only ten or twelve miles apart. North Carolina's amazing advance in material things has overshadowed her progress in fields less easy to advertise. Over at Chapel Hill Professor Frederick H. Koch has developed a remarkable interest in playwriting and play-production. Paul Green's two volumes of plays have abundantly justified his faith in the college's ability to help the student learn to write. At Duke University apparently the chief ambition of many students is to write poetry. This interest is, no doubt, partly due to the sympathetic encouragement of the English staff and in particular to Professor Newman I. White.

The remarkable thing about Duke University, however, is not the high quality of its undergraduate verse and prose—distinguished as they are—but the fact that the students in the senior class have been able to put out a literary magazine which, in format and in content, compares favorably with all but two or three of the best American magazines. The poetry number of *The Archive* for April, 1926, is as good as any single issue of any poetry journal I have seen. Without subsidy of any kind, Mr. Harriss and his associates have managed to produce a modern literary magazine,—not an old-fashioned student's magazine; and they have managed to secure for the pages of *The Archive* the work of many of the leading American poets. How do they do it? As an editor, I should like to know.

And how is it that the contributions by Duke University students measure up so well to the standard? *The Archive* is a hopeful sign that our colleges—some of them—are still functioning. It is the best reply to *The Goosestep* I have seen.

We need more such magazines. New York is too far away, too unrepresentative, too foreign; and too far from the center of the United States. We need more, and more active, regional centers; and we need more and better sectional magazines. For a short time North Carolina had a suitable magazine for its writers in *The Reviewer*, edited by Paul Green and published at Chapel Hill. But *The Southwest Review* has absorbed *The Reviewer*; and *The Archive* is now the logical place for the younger writers of the Carolinas to publish their prose and verse. Long may it flourish and may its future files furnish material for many another collection as good as the present anthology!

JAY B. HUBBELL.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

T·H·E
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Gloucester

Through Gloucester's little, crooked lanes,
Windy blown and brown,
The artist folk with paint and brush
Wander up and down
To paint their pictures of the sea
That breaks about the town.

I, too, walk beside the sea,
And watch the grey gulls skim,
And the scattered boats on the ocean's edge
Grow far and grey and dim,
And the white sails hover under the sky
Out on the harbor's rim.

The artist folk have the colors of Heaven
Hid in a little box,
And they know the magic to change them to
The soft grey-green of the docks,
The thin blue shadows that lie on sails,
And the lavender light on the rocks.

But I must empty-handed go
To watch the sails slip by
Like the ghosts of galleys long since lost
Out where the waves run high,
To see the white birds swooping low
Like small lost ships from the sky.

Oh, I wish I had the colors of Heaven,
Knew the magic of curve and of light,
That I might capture a phantom ship
Before it sinks from sight,
Or the silver curve of a sea gull's wing,
Caught in its careless flight.

But I can only watch and wait,
Here by the quiet sea:
Watch where the silent sails blow by,
And the restless birds fly free;
And wait for a little galley of words
To be blown in to me.

Jane Preston

“I Love All Things that Cluster Round the Sea”

I love all things that cluster round the sea:
Sand-dunes wave washed, and glad wild wings that beat
Against the wind, the flash of children's feet,
Rude huddled huts, drifwood, grass blowing free,
Seines in the sun and spars of hickory,
Great ships slow moving, and boats small and neat,
Old mossy wrecks that once were sound and fleet,
Half hidden by a pine or bayberry tree.

But when the tired feet have homeward gone,
And from the huts blue smoke curls towards the sky,
And yellow lights gleam on the waters gray,
There comes a peace as soothing as the dawn
As one by one the little boats go by
And drop their anchors in the quiet bay.

John Richard Moreland

Iris

What has a young iris to do
With the old trunk of a pine-tree,
And where is its kinship with a bough
Holding high in the air no needles?

This is what I always wonder,
When I feel you hold your lips
And the purple flush of your cheek
Against my temple and my thinning hair.

Witter Bynner

A Place I Know

There is a place I know,
 A plot of turfy ground,
Where amber waters flow
 With an ebullient sound;
And yet despite their noise
 That never seems to cease,
It is a place of joys,
 It is a place of peace.

The air is clear and thin;
 It has the tang of wine;
The sunlight filters in
 Through braided boughs of pine.
A casual dragon-fly
 Will tilt, then disappear;
A butterfly flit by
 And dart and dip and veer.

And there are banks above,
 With copses either side,
Where mating birds make love
 From dawn to even-tide;
Outstretched upon the moss
 In this dear place I know,
I watch them flit across,
 The wren and vireo.

When I would flee the rout
Of cares that will intrude,
Then I alone seek out
This sylvan solitude;
Therein I may divest
My soul of sordid schemes;
It is a place of rest;
It is a place of dreams.

Clinton Scollard

Two Poems

Soldier

Field mice go in velvet clad,
But I am well content
To be as any other lad
In this poor regiment.

I hear the shrilling of the fife
Above this sad parade,
So I am solemnized by Life,
Who once was renegade.

Ghostly Reaper

Now while the wind is up I hear
A dark scythe swung in air,
A door creaks by the crooked elm—
Who is reaping there?

Who goes to cut the field tonight
Beside the lily pond?
Who comes to swing a rusty scythe
From Limbo, or beyond?

Harold Vinal

The Hawthorne Tree

The hawthorne tree is strange in May
Dense with her buds. I cannot say
What death, what legend, what old dream,
What shadowiness of longing seem
Stealing along her, subtle, slow,
Into the blossom from the bough.

But she is deep in winter now.
By day the sunlit smoke of snow
Blows over her; and glazed at night,
She glitters, star and thorn alight.
Her thrill is cold. Her secret myth
Sleeps in the sap she slumbers with.

Roberta Teale Swartz

Requiescat

Rue and laurel and rose—
What do they matter
After the tired eyes close,
And the few friends scatter?

Little availing the hymns
And the empty prayers
When the frightened spirit dims
Down the endless stairs.

Mine was a life of poppies—
Red flowers of pain;
Death comes with faded copies,
Remembered stain.

Let me lie quietly under
The earth above me,
Nor stone-cut epitaph blunder
If you love me.

Ronald Walker Barr

Envy

I envy people who are calm,
My heart's as restless as the rain,
On quiet days a breaking twig
Will startle it to pain.

I envy people who can pass
Beneath a wildly singing bird,
And walk complacently along
As if they had not heard.

For it is I, and never they,
Who am as witless as the rain—
A twig, a foolish bird: what have
These things to do with pain?

Louise Webster

This is Not You

This is not you, this pale, quiescent one;
Who lie so still within a narrow place:
Your lips immobile, and your laughter done,
And all the welcome frozen from your face.
I look at you, so heedless and aloof;
And death would seem too plausible to doubt.
Yet I must have a better thing as proof,
Than a ruined temple where the lights are out.

No matter how convincingly you keep
Those same sweet features, you yourself are fled:
This stillness cannot make me think you sleep,
Nor urge me into believing you are dead.
I saw you go, and stronger than my grieving,
The strangeness and the wonder of your leaving.

Anne Blackwell Payne

Breathless Earth

How alive you are in my heart, almost in my arms!
And yet I bow down upon this breathless earth,
 because I must,
Because enough air cannot reach you, alive in my heart,
To let a brown shoulder lift through the broken dust.

Witter Bynner

Catharsis

This wolf that would devour me shall die;
Open the pit . . . "She thinks we're friends; no more.
To her you are a casual visitor
Villa-ed by chance beside us. You and I
Owe less to her than to ourselves. For years
My life has been divided from her life;
Who takes a frozen image for a wife
Pays for love's travesty in worse than tears.
I had forgotten what a kiss could own
Until your lips reminded me. I swear
I had forgotten that a kiss could tear
Stars from their roots; dreams from their beds of stone."
What more to die, lean wolf? What final blow?
"She never really wanted me, you know."

Margaret Tod Ritter

Being Inland

The lore of lakes is haunting,
The mountain's mystery
Remains alone for wanting
Of souls to set it free,
And rock-cliffs bear upon their breasts
The sea's biography.
But how shall we find wisdom
Who walk a sandy floor,
Who know not lakes nor hills nor cliffs
Nor any windless shore?

Ethel M. Davis

Autumn

There is no forage now for them to bend
Who wander in the stubble. No silken pear
Swims from its height. And nowhere in the wind
Are the pale apricots that once were there.

They must go seek under a fallen tree
Where the bark rots, and the dead leaves lie,
Who would be satisfied, who would be free
Of an old image printed on the eye.

Only a newer form to ease a need
Will they find there. They will be slow to raise,
Where fruit and flowers were, a withering seed
As a thing to hunger after all their days—

Loath to admit how gracious to the tooth
Neglected husks and seeds are, after youth.

Lynn Riggs

To be a Cricket

I cannot touch a lark for notes;
My range is far too narrow.
And yet I scorn to choose the curb
And twitter with a sparrow.

But I must sing to you somehow.
If not from a thicket,
I am content in the dried grass
To be a cricket.

O will you listen! Will you say
In certain weather:
He sits beneath a milkweed stalk
And rubs his wings together?

Roberta Teale Swartz

Spring Morning—Santa Fé

The first hour was a word the color of dawn;
The second came, and gorgeous poppies stood
Backs to the wall. The yellow sun rode on:
A mockingbird sang from a nest of wood.

The water in the acequia came down
At the stroke of nine, and watery clouds were lifting
Their velvet shadows from the little town:
Gold fired the pavement where the leaves were shifting.

At ten, black shawls of women bowed along
The Alameda. Sleepy burros lay
In the heat, and lifted up their ears. A song
Wavered upon the wind and died away,

And the great bells rang out a golden tune:
Words grew in the heart and clanged, the color of noon.

Lynn Riggs

Unrevealed

No one will know that poems which lie
Like faded flowers, left to die
On some old dusty closet shelf,
Proclaim her very lovely self,
That like a queen she moves through them,
Arrayed in silk and diadem.
Oh, the mute poignancy of page,
Crumbled and yellowing with age!
Once could the voice of Beauty stir
The very roots and depths of her,
But this the world will never know
Of one, who hears the grasses grow.

Lucia Trent

To Your Heart

The path to your heart is a New England roadway
Under autumn skies,
Sudden with loop and twist and turning,
Sharp with surprise.

At the edges asters smile, and gentians lift
Their delicate faces,
And the birches murmur their leafy secrets
Above the fern's laces.

But the way grows rough, and the wind blows shriller,
And colder than death.
There are cruel hills which stifle the courage
And steal the breath.

The path to your heart is a New England roadway
That I tread alone.
It begins with the whisper of friendly birches
And ends with a stone.

Virginia Lyne Tunstall

The Poet

I never had a schooner
 With pink, delightful sails
To roll me into Shanghai
 Alongside silken bales.

Never my hands held title
 To airship floating free
Across the roofs of Corinth—
 But never pity me.

I carry in my pocket
 A sail and a balloon
Ample for exploration
 In mountains of the moon.

Kathryn Worth

The Spinning Earth

This spinning earth we prattle of so much,
This whirling sphere forever turning round,
May go to ashes at a single touch,
Vanish completely at a trumpet sound.
As Jericho was blown to bits it may
Be blown to bits, and all these things we prize
May go to dust today or any day,
And the long darkness fall upon our eyes.

Winter and Summer, Autumn and the Spring;
Promise and hope, If Only and Perhaps—
These are the frail designs we pattern by.
And if there be a more eternal thing,
God will declare it when his golden taps
Rings like a terrible bugle down the sky.

Harold Vinal

X, Y, and Z

X said: I am the world, for the world cannot be
Other than as I see it, with moons and suns
Projected from my own private nebulæ,
Not other ones.

Y said: No, I am the world, for I cannot be sure
That you even exist at all, outside my knowing,
And though my head is small, it can stretch and endure
All your coming and going.

Z said: Oh, who can tell where the difference lies?
You are nothing but stupid unknown quantities.

Donald Davidson

Exhortation to Virtue

The summer and the winter are
But changed relations to a star.
A single orbit serves to bring
The summer, winter, autumn, spring.

And stellar parallaxes show
Through what a space the earth must go
To change its flowers into snow.

(It is, of course; well understood
How nicely divers folk define,
And what a sharply cleaving line
Marks off the evil from the good.)

W. Freeman Twaddell

Unrest

O, I should be less scornful,
The waiting time less long,
If I could make of fire and wind
Some little song;

And I should quite relinquish
This longing for a flight,
If Ariel would sing to me
Some star-encrusted night.

Ethel M. Davis

Hero's Invocation to Death

I who have no lover—
Swift winds make me over!

Tear my torch asunder,
Stamp its pale beams under;
Scourge me with your lashes;
Where your legion crashes
Let my grief be vented,
Ravening, demented.

I who have no lover—
Swift winds make me over!

I who have no lover—
Cold waves make me over!

Bear me, being mortal,
To some sheltered portal;
Spread a blue-green billow
For our marriage pillow;
Wrap me round with tidal
Samite for my bridal.

I who have no lover—
Cold waves make me over!

Margaret Tod Ritter

Autumn Shadows

The old, old man puffs at his ancient pipe.
Long years have dimmed the color of his thoughts;
His thoughts are faint as shadows on the wall,
As fleeting as the perfume of the ripe
Apples on a gnarled tree, plums ripe to fall.

Night blots all color from the vivid hill.
The trees are only shadows silver-edged,
Sketched on a background washed pale by the moon.
There is no sound for every sound is still
Save the leaves' sigh that will be fallen soon.

Peggy Pond Church

White Hunger

Softly the silly flocks of snow
Drop wool across the meadowlands;
I dig my frightened thoughts below
Seeking the grass's lost green hands.

Did ever crimson flagon-rose
Make Summer drunk with elder wine?
My heart is desolate for those
Blue days of phlox and columbine.

I kneel among the vanished bees,
Starving for color in my mind,
Since frost has eaten up the trees
Leaving no golden crumbs behind.

Kathryn Worth

Fadings

When we two are old and the children make a jest of our
turn

When the slow grey covers of age are falling in silence upon
us

And the long cool shadows approach us, finished and weary

Shall we remember the thrill of gaudy colors that flashed
from the quivering heat, the dust, the motion

The music of tender words in the garden—the dear futile
notes we heard among the gentians, the jasmine—
all beautiful echoes dying along the endless paths?

When I am broken, my dear, and frightened too, it may be,
and you have faded like old lace on a lavender scarf

Shall we remember the hyacinth bloomed for us, shall we
remember

Shall we remember?

Dillard Stokes

I Had Forgotten

Each year I think I will remember spring—
God's matchless lyric; keep indelibly
Its flawless lines: the golden mists that cling
To willow boughs; red-bud and maple tree,
The fiery phrases of His eloquence:
That I can carry in my heart, unblurred,
Wistaria hanging purple on a fence;
An apple tree, His most exquisite word.

But when the Author gives me back again
His manuscript to read, whereon is writ
This radiant language, singing from His pen,
I find I had forgot the half of it.
Over the page, entranced, my eyes will pore
As if I'd never read it all before.

Anne Blackwell Payne

Ambergris

Like Samson's riddle of the bees,
This substance from decay and death
Is the sure fount of ecstasies
To hold a flower's failing breath.

John Richard Moreland

Gray Aftermath

Seasons are very much like men.
Some are kind tender things,
And some are cruel,
Born to mock the virgin loveliness of dreams.
And so she thought in this gray lonely waste
Of pale years drifting down
On Time's strange river.
Once she had known a spring of April stars,
Once she had known a winter in a home,
New-built for her alone,
And warm with love.
But the next spring had taken him away
To sleep among his tranquil lonely kin,
While there below her heart
One cool sad dawn
She felt the eager stirring of new life.

Now it is spring again, and how she fears
A sky of April stars.

Lucia Trent

Sounds

I have three sober loves and they are these:
The sound of Autumn rain on acorn trees,
The chuck-will's-widow by dusk-haunted brakes,
And that bright quirk a half-grown partridge makes.

R. P. Harriss

For a Birthday

Upon this day let all things quiet be
Within my soul, that I may rest a while
Upon good fortune, as upon some isle
Rest homing birds that fish the unquiet sea.
Not that the splendid gods so far from me
Have paid my puny service with a smile
Of scornful tolerance, knowing it half-vile
And worth in this world's goods no special fee,
Do I rejoice; but that they once forgot,
The indifferent high gods, where merit lay
And so endowed my trivial, common lot
That glory walks abroad with me each day
And high content makes me who merit not
Indifferent to earthly care as they.

Newman I. White

Song For A Slight Voice

You are the wind unbroken,
I am the wavering air;
You have the brave word spoken,
I over silence despair.

You are the sea unending,
I ephemerical wave;
You are deep music ascending,
I to one note am slave.

You this death shall not sever,
I to fear shall be wed;
You shall count stars forever—
Dust shall pillow my head!

Challiss Silvay

The Return of The Paralus

[Note: The ship Paralus brought
to Piraeus the news of the capture
of the Athenian fleet by Lysander,
at Aegospotami, in 405 B. C.]

Apollo's chariot steeds were wrapt in sleep.
While Saturn gleamed, a sentinel in the sky,
The full moon slowly rose to beautify
The silences. But hark! across the deep
There came the rhythmic swish of well-plied oars:
A stately ship loomed through the lurid night,
Hastening swiftly toward a patch of light
That marked Piraeus on the Grecian shores.

The galley reached the harbor, and a cry
Came from the streaming oarsmen of the ship:
"Lysander holds the fleet!" From lip to lip
The dread words flew, and echoed far and high.
Then by the Long Walls, like a tidal swell,
Sounded a wild, despairing, hopeless wail,
That rose again, as wind before a gale,
Bringing the news to Athens' citadel.

And each Athenian knew, throughout the land:
Athens was lost! And all her glorious art,
Poetry and sculpturing were but a part
Of conquered playthings, in the victor's hand.

Catherine Parmenter

Vincit Omnia Veritas

I wove a tapestry of colored lies
And hid behind its silken folds to hear
What you might say about this love of ours,
So filled with strange desires and stranger flowers,
When unsuspecting my eavesdropping ear.

Perhaps your heart spoke in all truthfulness—
Maybe your intuition sensed my guilt—
Albeit, with subtly chosen words you thrust
The sword of truth straight through my bosom's trust,
Even unto the blunt and bludgeoning hilt.

Like that old meddler of the Danish court
Who basely died on Hamlet's steel, I fell,
Clutching the flimsy curtain in my hand;
But rose, unlike Polonius, to stand
A gray, cold shadow in the flames of Hell.

Ronald Walker Barr

Marching Song

The year has twined blue asters in her nut-brown hair
And she marches out to die—
All in vivid beauty burning,
Down the path that knows no turning,
To the time of martial music with her head held high.
She has scarlet for her trumpets and a roll of distant drums
Is a misty, purple hill.
And the golden of her flutes
Can set your heart athrill!
And the dying year goes marching, marching, marching,
Marching to the measure of a gorgeous colored tune.
And at night you hear her singing, singing, singing,
Singing her marching song to the orange Harvest Moon.

Oh, has she caught the meaning in this mystic scheme of
things
That she does not fear to die?
Or is she but so proud
That she fears to wail aloud,
And she hides her grief with glory and she holds her head
a-high?
Is she strong or is she proud? Is she wise or is she brave?
Ah, what matter can it be?
She is exquisite and lovely

And magnificent to see.

And the dying year goes marching all in color, color, color!

All in fire and flame and color that takes away your breath—

And the dying year goes singing, singing, singing,

Singing, ever singing her triumph Song of Death.

Frances Gray

Caveat

Beware, beware,
Youthful and fair,
Beware!

Racing the meadows of sunset, far,
Far to the west of the morning star
Persephone and her lovers are.

One of her lovers is out of breath
And prone at her slim feet perisheth,
But one is swifter than she is,—Death.

Ice in the air,
Sunlit of hair,
Beware!

Margaret Tod Ritter

Epitaph for a Spinster

If you must weep, think not of her as one
Who burnt life's candle to the smoking brass;
Instead, remember her, beneath the grass,
As Clytie, ever yearning to the sun.

She was young once, white as Methuselah's head,
As soft and warm as April wind at dawn;
But she was virtuous—*so love passed on*—
And that is all that can be truthfully said.

Ronald Walker Barr

Clais Returns

Clais comes home to her dwelling;
What shall she have for delight?
Cornflowers, blue beyond telling,
Roses, sweet for the smelling,
Crocuses, rich for the sight.

Flowers were never for selling
Crimson or purple or white
Worthy of Clais tonight.
Clais comes home to her dwelling;
What shall she have for delight?

She shall have music, impelling
Softly to ease, and excelling
Sweetness of mortal or sprite. . . .
Harmony dies in the swelling,
Flowers die in the sight:
Clais comes home to her dwelling;
What shall she have for delight?

Newman I. White

Unspoken

I know gold words that have been wings to lift
A leaden day to heights of wild, free bird;
And like a cool, compassionate hand, the gift
Of grave ones for a heart too deeply stirred.
But though words are my friends, I am afraid
To trust to them this beauty of content,
Lest loving them too well, I be betrayed
To mar with speech a perfect sacrament:
Music fed us, and for our delight
Was poured the magic wine of men's old dreams;
So deep the heart's communion, and so white
And hushed the way our spirits went, it seems
That silence is the only temple fit
To house a holiness so exquisite.

Jane Preston

A Letter

I don't know why I should be writing to you,
I don't know why I should be writing to anyone:
Nella has brought me yellow calendulas,
In my neighbor's garden is sun.

In my neighbor's garden chickens, like snow,
Drift in the alfalfa; bees are humming;
A pink dress, a blue wagon play in the road;
Guitars are strumming.

Guitars are saying the same things
They said last night—in a different key.
What they have said I know, so their strumming
Means nothing to me.

Nothing to me is the pale pride of Lucinda
Washing her hair—nothing to anyone:
Here, in a black bowl, are calendulas,
In my neighbor's garden, sun.

Lynn Riggs

A Woman—Grown

In grief I would have cried out yesterday,
At cruel words, sword-points for my bare feet;
I would have questioned with no thought's delay,
With childish eyes and lips that must entreat!

But this new hour—I bandage every bruise,
I put on sandals—and I am not told—
There is so much to win and all to lose—
A woman—grown. Perhaps a woman old!

Virginia Stait

September Transient

There is a mellow pleasantness about
The negro village near the Southern town
On Autumn days. The talk flows in and out,
From house to house. . . "Sis Viney's man is down
Wi' chills en fever" . . . Dulcey's boys "has cotch
Th'ee han'some 'possums" . . . Wesley's "up in cote" . .
He got six months for it. (He stole a watch) . . .
Rennie is "cookin' out" . . . Dan's bought a shoat . . .
The talk goes on. The children play and sing
As white youths do, only more quietly;
A sleeping hound, notched-eared and nondescript,
Sprawls on the sidewalk; every living thing,
Loving the sun, comes out-of-doors to see
Where laughing Autumn's feet have lightly tript.

R. P. Harriss

Its Own Reward

Take what the Parcae spin.
Why seek to name it sin?
Weakness without and in
Cravenly linked:
Orthodox flattering,
Petulant battering—
Grotesquely shattering
Bounds indistinct.
Then, at the end of all,
Some ineffectual
Needless, half-hearted fall
As custom's dues.
No need of gross remorse
For Justice to enforce
Payment for custom's course
After ensues
Failure of one desire
Whereunto to aspire.
High Justice could require
No recompense
More than the thinking of
That left behind, above,—
Thought of the way of love
And the way thence.

W. Freeman Twaddell

Moon and Wind

Come inside and close the door,
I have warned you often before.

Again she is looking over the hill,
Peering furtively,
Sly and still,
The light that I fear in her amber eyes—
Whom is she seeking under the skies?

Ahead of her runs her lean-shanked hound,
Baying softly,
Nose on the ground,
And the grass bends low as he goes by,
And the tall trees shake at his cry.

She bears a quiver of silver fires,
Flaming arrows
As thin as wires;
Who is the prey that will lie to-night,
Pale face upturned to her yellow light?

It may be you,
Or it may be I:
Come inside till she has passed by.

Louise Webster

Hermitage

Away from care
In a wicker hut, a small-eyed hermit sighs
And tells himself he rests.
He lies . . .
For he watches the sun on the mountain-top set
and rise;
He knows what hosts of women in the earth heave
up their breasts,
He knows what tawny blood drowns men of the air.

Witter Bynner

Pantheist

I could renounce the sleepy way she smiles
When, crimson shod, she rises in the dawn;
I could resist the golden clarity
That melts her daybreak into open morn;
I could forget the quiet of her eyes
When thrushes sing amid the twilight stir,
But never can my strength be proof against
That subtly flagrant flattery of her!

The heaviness of her great stars that lie
Upon the shadowed surface of the sea
Were but a moment's passing loveliness,
And nothing more or less than that to me;
If every star that trembles there upon
The rising of the water's mighty breast
Cried not, "I am the mystery of life,
The mystery which only you have guessed."

The sweetness of her roses, of her birds,
She says is sweet to me and me alone,
And cynic though I were I could not doubt
The compliment of her persuasive tone.
Her dying moon that loves to haunt my sleep,
A gorgeous ghost in gold, a queen in white,
Says soft to me, "I never broke a heart
As I am breaking that of you tonight!"

I would put by the pathos of her joy
Would shake this ecstasy that gilds her pain,
For my infatuation leads me far
From honest work which only merits gain,
But oh, she looks at me as if with awe
And oh, she takes me gently by the hand
And says in whispers confidential, low,
“Of all the world you, only, understand!”

Frances Gray

“I Like My Tea in Thin Cups”

I like my tea in thin cups,
As thin as the silver sheet
When the first frost kisses the little pond,
As the fall and winter meet.

I like my humor subtle,
As fragile as the web
That the breath of night blows upon the bush
When the dark tides start to ebb.

I like my virtue steadfast,
But not blinded to the view
When Eros reveals Aphrodite
On a dais of rose and blue.

I like to be quite different,
And different, see the town
Go chasing after the difference
Until they tumble down.

I like to be cruel to cruel,
Dash cares away with the gay,
And resoundingly slap the faces
That meekly are turned my way.

I like to plan my garden
With precision, tact, and care,
But later there must be surprises,—
Mixtures and color-clash rare.

I love to confide in children,
To know them actually brings
You closer to all of the dreams of man,
For children are touched by wings.

But after all, most truly,
When all is done and said,
That my tea had to be in thin cups,
They'll remember me when I'm dead.

Philip Van Orten

Lyrics

Two Selves

I have a self that others knew
Buried deep in the valley's sod,
But the self that goes to the hills with you
Is what I would show to God.

Within This World That We Have Made

Within this world that we have made
Out of a smile, out of a word,
Where beauty passes undismayed
To music that the gods have heard,
Within this world of brave belief
That knows no shallow doubt or fear,
What wounding loneliness, what grief
Can ever touch our spirits here?

Bondage

I feel that you are holding me
As the brown earth holds the tree.
All the roots of love have bound
Me unto the holy ground
Of your soul where I am one
With the wind and stars and sun.

Lucia Trent

Sonnet from a Forester's Notebook

All day I waited by the great oak tree
And took no heed of time, save when the sun
Sank down at last, and wood folk one by one
Crept forth to play, nor took they heed of me.
And uninspired to guess life's mystery
I mused upon the quest I had begun
And pondered this and that, and having done
With watching left, unnoticed, quietly.
Here in my cabin on the highest hill,
Heir to the stars, encradled by the night,
I lay me down, remembering with what will
I shall arise again when the new light
Rolls down the topmost ridge, and streams and trees
Awake once more to the old cadences.

R. P. Harriss

Ten Years Old

There is a time when the cold touch of dawn
Can waken one with such a sharp delight
As birds must know. Down the dark, creaking stair
A child will run, unshod, in tiptoe flight,
Lest someone startled out of heavy sleep
Should break the spell. Half mortal and half sprite
She feels herself at that star-dimming hour.

Into a wood with blue-bells all a-flower
She runs as lightly as a winged thing,
Where from the elder trees with opal fire
Of tiny jewels hung on a cobweb string
Shimmers a song made almost visible,
And only dew disturbed by brushing wing
Reveals the singer. Locust bloom is sweet

In every hollow where her eager feet
Find hidden shadows; where a child may be
As radiantly touched by early dawn
As a bright water-tangled cherry tree.
Such joy it is to be the first to bend
The cool, sweet grass, to come so breathlessly
On hidden birds. And strange it is to feel

The self her mother knows is not so real
As the half-fairy child who dances here.
She will go in to breakfast when they call,
With wistful eyes still magic-filled and clear,

But with no word of her adventuring.
She will be silent in a childhood fear
Of grown-up dignity, lest they should laugh
If she should tell them of her sunrise dance,
And when she was not looking call her queer.

Peggy Pond Church

An Unsatisfactory Lover's Complaint

If you should grant what I pretend to seek,
 How merrily would run this passion's dirge!
 And then, not too long after, would emerge
The sorry clearer vision of next week;
And I should be somewhat abashed and meek
 Recalling divers words. For this disease
 The cure is full attainment and—but these
Are matters whereof wisdom does not speak.

Although the tide comes in and out, the sea
 For all its change wins very little ground;
And one should learn some caution, verily.
 But new decoys to ecstasy abound—
Tintagel here, then yonder Brittany
 Where some Iseult is always to be found.

W. Freeman Twaddell

Passionless

Your calm clear beauty, passionless, for me
Has power to charm, but ah, will I remember
Your face, a cameo, cut exquisitely—
Like wind ess sunsets in December?

No, no, into the after-life I take
Another face, changing like seas in storm,—
A face whose passion brings to me heart-ache,
But joys multiform.

Virginia McCormick

Piper Divine

A Sonnet from the New Testament

They will come back to what they threw aside,
Who would not dance to such slow-measured playing,
Who have no tabernacle dignified
Nor tasseled tent above their casual Maying.
There is no other dedicated type,
Nor harper to his mediaeval lords,
No tropic harvest lately golden-ripe
With any tithe of beauty of these words.
Yet they that waste their decade, rich and vernal,
And, headstrong, throw their talent quite away,
Have mercy on the knees of the Eternal
For this their lost infinitesimal day.
He is too high to scorn an infidel:
When they come back to Him, it will be well. . .

Isabel Fiske Conant

Contemplation

In the green twilight of the trees
There are no grim anxieties,
Only a scent and murmurings
Of quiet, brooding, crooning wings
To stir the spirit's wonderment.

Ethel M. Davis

Concerning Cain

It was an accident that we
Were trapped by Satan and the tree.
The chance that overthrew us then
Has passed, and will not come again.
And Cain, at least, will never hear
Of sin and death and shame and fear.

We sinned and fell, and we have seen
The flaming brand, and learned to shun
The sight of God; but this, our son,
Can never do what we have done
Or be what we have been.

W. Freeman Twaddell

Moon-Glamour

I never knew that moonlight was so white;
 I never knew a lawn could change and flow
A molten silver lake, until the night
 We watched the moon ride high and then sink low.

A night mysterious—all bluish dream,
 With whispers from the trees in chirring drone . . .
Tonight the moon sailed down her westering stream
 In wasted magic where I watched alone.

May Folwell Hoisington

The Earth Mother

She takes them to her breast
The kind earth mother,
Children of pleasure, toil, or joy, or grief,
Coward or hero; saint or thief,
All know the same soft touch, and rest.

Her arms are dark and strong, but lovingly
She holds the foulest as she does the fair,
The black, the yellow, white and red and brown,
Miser or beggar, priest or clown;
All find an equal welcome there.

John Richard Moreland

Radio

"Go and catch a falling star"

Still stand uncaptured these, and rightly these:
Spring's timid tread among first-blooming trees;

The smell of salt where greening marshes stand;
The cold, clean starlight dropped on quiet land;

The rich, brown gleam of damp earth freshly turned;
The acridness of crisp leaves newly burned;

The million-mirrored flashes of bright sun
On wind-touched lakes that birch trees look upon;

The wet caress of gently driven snow;
The ruby red of ashen logs aglow;

The somnolent, sad wind's impassive rune
Heard from a bed of pine straw deeply strewn:

These still remain inviolate as when
They stirred strange cravings in fierce tribal men;

As though kind nature, planning ample dowers,
For other breeds of men, unkin to ours,

Had smiled upon us in our valiant play
And passed, unaltered, her undeviant way.

Newman I. White

Biographical Notes

BARR, RONALD WALKER. Edited *The Bohemian*, a poetry journal which has gone the way of many of the little verse publications. Has contributed to a large number of magazines and has appeared in several anthologies. Author of one volume, "Poems of a Pierrot." Native of Toledo, Ohio.

BYNNER, WITTER. Past president of the Poetry Society of America and widely known for his scholarly translations from the Chinese as well as for his own poetry. Interested in undergraduate verse writers, having acted as a member of a board of judges in several national poetry contests for students. Offers yearly award of a hundred dollars, known as the Witter Bynner Prize, for the best poem submitted by an undergraduate. Present address: Santa Fe, New Mexico.

CHURCH, PEGGY POND. Has contributed to the *Southwest Review* and other similar publications. Lives on a ranch in New Mexico.

DAVIDSON, DONALD. Professor of English in Vanderbilt University. Edited (with John Crowe Ransom) a poetry magazine, *The Fugitive* (now discontinued), which attracted wide and favorable comment. Has contributed verse and prose to the well-known reviews.

DAVIS, ETHEL M. Graduate student in Duke University, having contributed to *The Archive* as an undergraduate.

GRAY, FRANCES. Undergraduate in the University of North Carolina. Author of a short play, "The Beaded Buckle" (in "Carolina Folkplays," 2nd series; Henry Holt). Professional experience on the stage, and a former member of the Carolina Playmakers, an advanced amateur group. Was an undergraduate in Duke at the time she contributed to *The Archive*.

HARRISS, R. P. Has contributed verse to the New York dailies, several poetry journals, and a few magazines. Newspaper correspondent. Durham, North Carolina.

HOISINGTON, MAY FOLWELL. Has contributed to practically all of the significant magazines of poetry in America, and to numerous general magazines. Some of her translations from the Afghani have appeared in the *New Orient*. Teaches verse technique in New York City. Home: Rye, New York.

- MCCORMICK, VIRGINIA. President of the Poetry Society of Virginia; editor of *The Lyric*, a well-known poetry publication. Contributor to the magazines and reviews. Norfolk, Virginia.
- MORELAND, JOHN RICHARD. Founder of *The Lyric* and contributor to scores of magazines in England and America. Author of "Red Poppies in the Wheat," a book of poems. Philadelphia and Norfolk.
- PARMENTER, CATHERINE. Has published verse in a few of the poetry journals. Colorado Springs, Colorado.
- PAYNE, ANNE BLACKWELL. North Carolinian now living in New York. Has published many lyrics during the past three years, especially in the *Virginia Quarterly Review*. Her first volume is now in preparation.
- PRESTON, JANEF. Formerly instructor of English in Agnes Scott College; now living in New York. Her verse, taken from the magazines, has appeared in Braithwaite's anthology and others.
- RIGGS, LYNN. A young writer who has been for several years closely associated with Witter Bynner. Author of plays and poems, published in various literary magazines. Now in New York.
- RITTER, MARGARET TOD. Author of "Mirrors," a first volume of verse (Macmillan), and contributor to the *Century*, *Bookman*, *Forum*, and other publications, as well as to the smaller poetry journals. Associate editor of *Verse: The Quarterly Review of Verse*. Home: Colorado Springs, Colorado.
- SCOLLARD, CLINTON. One of the best-known of American nature poets and a contributor to scores of magazines and newspapers. Author of numerous books, having published something like forty volumes since 1884. Formerly Professor of English in Hamilton College. Addresses: Kent, Connecticut, and Winter Park, Florida.
- SILVAY, CHALLISS. Contributor to *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, the *New York World*, *The Buccaneer*, and other mediums. Address: Ocean Park, California.
- STAIT, VIRGINIA (Winifred Russell). Vice-President of the Poetry Society of England. Author of "Sanctuary," a book of poems highly praised by the English reviews, with tributes from Masfield and Dunsany. Home: Gordonsville, Virginia.

- STOKES, DILLARD. On the staff of a Washington, D. C., newspaper. Was an undergraduate in Tulane University in 1925.
- SWARTZ, ROBERTA TEALE. Her first volume, "Lilliput," has just been brought out by Harcourt. Winner of the national prize of \$100 for undergraduates, offered by Southern Methodist University, in 1923, and winner of second place in 1924. Graduate student at Harvard, going there from Mount Holyoke College.
- TRENT, LUCIA. Recently succeeded Dr. Henry Morton Robinson as editor of *Contemporary Verse*. Is producing a surprisingly large amount of good verse, appearing in a wide range of publications. Her first collection, "Dawn Stars," appeared a short time ago.
- TUNSTALL, VIRGINIA LYNE. A member of the Norfolk group, Mrs. Tunstall has written only a small amount of verse, but it has been of very high order. A narrative poem, "Brother," dealing with a negro dope peddler, published in *The Lyric*, was widely quoted and evoked editorial comment in several of the larger Southern newspapers. Her poetry has appeared regularly in the Thomas Moulton anthology, and others.
- TWADDELL, W. FREEMAN. Contributed to *The Archive* as an undergraduate in Duke University. Now a graduate student at Harvard.
- VAN ORTEN, PHILIP. Resident of Brooklyn, New Jersey. Has published in the poetry journals.
- VINAL, HAROLD. Well-known to all who are conversant with present-day poetry. Is a publisher, having brought out first editions of prominent poets, including Edna St. Vincent Millay. Author of "Young April," a book of poetry, and editor of the magazine, *Voices*.
- WEBSTER, LOUISE. A native of Memphis, Tennessee, and objects to the adjective "darkest" as applied to her native State.
- WHITE, NEWMAN I. Professor of English in Duke University and editor (with Walter Clinton Jackson) of "An Anthology of Verse by American Negroes." An alumnus of Duke.
- WORTH, KATHRYN. A Southern poet who is now living in New York and contributing chiefly to the *New York Times* and a few of the better-known magazines.



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